

Good Morning 630

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines).

SAYS GORDON RICH:

Read This Article— It's Good for You



Dodging a Lesson, for C.P.O. Harry Marsden

YOUR daughter Marie dodged a few minutes off school for this picture, Chief P.O. Harry Marsden.

When our representative called at your home in 32, Wood-street, Gorton, Manchester, she had already gone to school, but your wife dashed round to the school and brought her back.

But she did ask us to say "It isn't so bad, Daddy, on a Friday." Which, explained, means that she likes the knitting and sewing classes. Look out for a sweater, because maybe very shortly her experience will extend to that.

When she had her sixth birthday party, she wished this wish as she blew out the candles, "I hope Daddy will be with me next birthday." It was a scrumptious spread, before a gathering of six boys and six girls.

Her treasured gift was from Mummy. She gave her the book she has in the picture, nothing would persuade her from having it with her when she was being photographed.

'Sub' into 'Pub'—

THIS is the story of a submariner's dream come true.

During all the years when Len Pinn was on the "subs," right from the day he started to the time he was invalided out of the Service in 1942, he promised himself that when he "retired" he would have a pub of his own.

Often as he swallowed a quick one before going on patrol he would say to his pals, "Cheers, boys! wait till I'm doing out this stuff on the other side of the bar"—and he'd give pressing invitations to them to visit him when the happy day arrived.

Well, it's arrived now, and Len is sending out an invitation to you all. For he's gone from subs to pubs.

Len has just opened his own little white-washed, black-beamed pub in Criccieth, N. Wales. It's his ambition now to welcome some of his mates there, but he assures us that there'll be a big hand-shake for any other old salts who pop in.

Len's pub is called "The Prince of Wales"—and it has been known as such since the first drops of beer dribbled out of the barrels there. Oceans have flowed out since and the "Prince of Wales" remained

THE origins of brewing are so far back in history, it is thirsty work searching for them.

It is known that the Egyptians of the Fourth Dynasty brewed beer, as reference is made in the famous "Book of the Dead" to a barley wine or beer some 3,000 years before the Christian era, and there are many references in classical authors to the making of fermented beverages from barley and other cereals.

Ale is described as the favourite drink, and ale-houses, banquets and suppers with ale are often mentioned. It is stated that among the members of St. Patrick's household was a brewer, a priest named Mescan; and we are told in the Life of Saint Brigid that at Easter-time she brewed ale to supply all the churches in her neighbourhood.

In Dublin, at the end of the twelfth century, a considerable amount of ale was brewed along the course of the river Poddle, its water being considered good for that purpose.

Women were especially engaged in the work, and the "Chain Book" of the Corpora-

tion of Dublin, from the year 1300 onwards, contains many ordinances of the Common Council of the city, prescribing rules and regulations for the observance of women-brewers.

HOME BREW.

The ease with which the production of beer could be carried out resulted in the installation of brewing plant in the houses of many of the wealthier citizens, and almost every housewife of importance may be said to have been her own brewer.

During the eighteenth century this practice fell largely into disuse, and the industry passed gradually into the hands of public brewers, who had been incorporated in Dublin in 1696.

About the year 1722, a dark-coloured beer was manufactured in London which had the flavour and general qualities of a mixture of heavy, sweet ale with a lighter, bitter beer, and as its chief patrons were the labouring classes, particularly porters, it became known by the name of Porter. Charles Dickens, however, is credited with having popularised the name in the 19th century.

Towards the middle of the

eighteenth-century the London brewers began the export of Porter to Dublin under conditions which threatened the very existence of the Irish competitors.

In doing so, they were favoured by the English Revenue Laws, which bore with the utmost severity upon Irish industry, and the result was that this importation of London Porter drove a number of Irish brewing firms out of business.

The official records of the Irish House of Commons throw some light upon this subject, especially the report of a committee which was appointed in 1773 to consider the representations contained in a petition of the Corporation of Brewers.

Among the witnesses examined before this committee was Mr. Arthur Guinness, founder of the firm of Arthur Guinness and Co.

About 1777, some five years after the presentation of the Petition of the Corporation of Brewers, the Legislature appears to have given relief in the matter of Excise Duty to the Irish trade, and one of the earliest results was seen in a large falling-off in the imports of the English commodity.

GOOD FOR HIM.

Irish Porter dates from the year 1816, when 35 breweries were at work. From the diary of a cavalry officer we learn that while lying wounded in Belgium after the Battle of Waterloo (June, 1815) he found Guinness Porter of great benefit in restoring health and strength.

Within the following twenty years the Dublin brewing industry made great strides, and its bottled Porter successfully rivalled the London produce, even in the English metropolis.

It has been often said that the essential virtues of Guinness are due to a marvellous well at St. James's Gate. In spite of this somewhat general belief, the well-water at St. James's Gate has never been used for any brewing process other than that of cooling or washing.

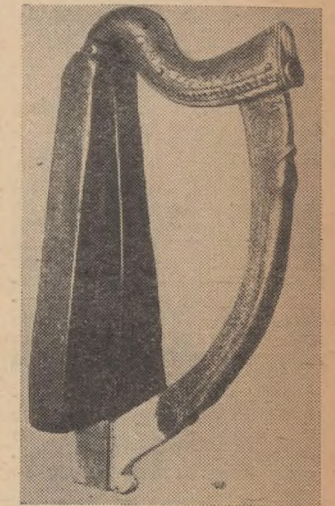
I visited the St. James's Gate Brewery. The area covered by the Brewery has naturally increased with the course of years, and the four acres which were the extent of the estate in 1760 have now, by the absorption of adjoining properties, been increased to over sixty.

The number of persons employed in the Brewery is 3,300.

A large printing department is also established in the Brewery, in which the bottle-labels are produced. The average number of labels printed every day, that is 1,700,000, if placed end to end, would more than reach across the Irish Channel from Dublin. The total number issued in a year would stretch nearly 23,000 miles, which closely approaches the distance round the earth.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

Attached to the official department is the Brewery Post



Brian Boru's Harp, adopted by the Guinness Brewery as a trade mark in 1862.

Office, where upwards of 700,000 letters are received and despatched in the year, the annual cost for stamps amounting to nearly £4,000.

The brewing process is comparatively simple, and easily followed by a layman.

The discovery of roasted malt as a flavouring material about the year 1800, was responsible for converting the "Brown Ale" previously manufactured into the "Porter," or "Stout" of today. From old books in the possession of the Brewery it appears that brewing has always taken advantage of the progress of science by applying it to its highly technical processes.

With the great advance in chemistry, bacteriology, and agriculture from the middle of the last century to the present time, the application of science to the industry has become even more pronounced, and brewing is now probably one of the most scientific of the great industries.

The chief differences between Ales and Stout are, briefly:—

That the water used for Pale Ale is generally harder than that employed for Stout.

In the use of roasted malt or barley, which imparts both colour and flavour to the Stout.

The Stouts at present manufactured by the Company are Porter, Extra Stout, and Foreign Extra Stout.

In the manufacture of Guinness four ingredients only are used—Malt, Hops, Yeast and Water.

The hops are obtained from England, where the county of Kent supplies a very large proportion of the total purchases, from America, and from the Dominions.

The bulk of the barley is grown in Ireland.

The processes are malting, mashing, boiling of the wort, refrigerating and fermentation.



Len makes a toast with the Service.

You'll get a warm greeting too from Win, his wife. She one day baked 400 cakes for a gang of hungry submariners going out on patrol and they've been her slaves ever since.

Win still bakes cake, and you may—if you're lucky—get something out of the silver entree dish which the boys on H.33 gave Len when he left them.

Len sends a special message to all aboard the H.33, "Keep your spirits up," he says, "and come and sample mine."



The jug goes into action at The Prince of Wales, Criccieth.

"GOOD MORNING" POOLS

Mark this coupon

☐ A for Awful

☐ H " Hits the Spot

☒ X " a Draw

"Good Morning" ☐

When completed, cut out and send to:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

These Men's Follies Were Their Monuments

THE centenary has recently been celebrated of the strangest Englishman ever to put the initials M.P. after his name. William Beckford was twice a Member of Parliament at the beginning of the last century and also the author of a number of books, of which "Vathek," an oriental romance, was acclaimed by his contemporaries as a work of genius.

But it is neither as an M.P. nor as an author that he will be remembered. Long after "Vathek" has ceased to be taken from the library shelf even by students, William Beckford will be remembered for his "folly" of Fonthill Abbey in Wiltshire, the remains of which can still be seen.

When he was eleven, Beckford inherited a huge fortune from his father. As soon as he obtained control of the money, he proceeded to spend it in

rebuilding the family home of Fonthill Abbey, turning it into an extravagant oriental palace. Strange rumours had got around about Beckford's behaviour, and to ensure privacy during the building, he erected a twelve-foot wall miles long around the grounds. Hundreds of workmen were employed and because he was a young man in a hurry, they were paid high rates to work by torchlight even through the depths of a severe English winter.

The crowning masterpiece was to be a huge tower, but this was put up in such a hurry that it fell down before the building was complete. Beckford immediately started work on another tower 250 feet high.

Meanwhile, the interior was furnished in barbaric splendour with the finest antiques. When it was completed, Beckford entertained with oriental splen-

dour, providing torchbearers every few yards down the long drive and countless servants carrying silver and gold dishes.

Even with a fortune like Beckford's this could not last long. Building his "folly" had cost close on £300,000 and in the end he was forced to sell out.

It is an astonishing indication of the curiosity with which he was regarded that some 3,000 copies of the auction catalogue were bought at a guinea a piece!

Just after the sale, his second tower fell down. Beckford could not bear to be parted from his folly, and built another great tower on Lansdowne Hill, Bath, so that he could see Fonthill from that city!

It was there that he died, and after various vicissitudes as a tea-gardens, the tower and gardens were turned into a park. Beckford's last folly survived the air raids on Bath.

Building "follies" seems a peculiarly English eccentricity, and there are many of these "follies" in southern England.

Richard Hull built a tower on Leith Hill 180 years ago in order to be able to see the sea. There are several of these "sea-towers." At Hadlow, Kent, is one in the form of a replica of Bruges belfry and another in Essex was built at a cost of £10,000. A tower known as "Stratton's Folly" was built at Little Berkhamsted in Hertfordshire by a shipowner who wanted to see his ships in the Thames even when he was at home!

A few years ago a tower built round an elm tree at Cobham fell down. It was

built 60 years ago by the then Earl of Darnley so that he could see his son sail down the Thames as captain of the M.C.C. team going to Australia!

One of the most curious towers is "Wainhouse's Folly" at Halifax. Some seventy-five years ago Sir Henry Edwards complained that the chimney of a neighbouring dye-works owned by Wainhouse interfered with the privacy of his grounds and was a nuisance. Wainhouse was so incensed that he built a tower round the chimney, rising to a height of 260 feet so that he could really see into Sir Henry's property!

The tower was eventually taken over by the local corporation and gave the public a chance of getting a good view of the countryside.

Another tower in Wiltshire was built by an elderly husband of a youthful bride who liked to go hunting. He had the tower erected so that wherever she hunted in the neighbourhood, he could keep an eye on her!

"Pellatt's Folly" was built overlooking Toronto Bay at a cost of \$340,000 by Sir Henry Pellatt. It was intended as an exact reproduction of the famous Loire chateaux, and was of immense size. Unfortunately, at the moment it was completed, Sir Henry lost all his money.

It became in turn a luxury hotel and "Jazz Palace" but none of these ventures paid, and eventually the local authority, spending £1,000 a year in upkeep, wanted to demolish it.

An astonishing folly was that built about fifteen years ago by

FAMILIAR PHRASES—By JACK MONK



Out of Trim.

William Hope Harvey, the U.S. champion of "Free Silver" who died in 1936. It was to be a modern pyramid in the middle of an Arkansas desert, containing examples of every art and craft of modern civilisation from railway engines to books.

Arrangements were made for pumps to exhaust all air before the pyramid was sealed so that there could be no decay. The pyramid was not finished before Harvey died.

One of the most remarkable follies is "the house that death built" in the Santa Clara Valley, California. For 38 years hundreds of workmen were busy on this fantastic structure and a million pounds was spent on adding room after room until it sprawled like a village rising here to five stories and there to only two.

The origin of the folly was the death not long after marriage of W. W. Winchester a wealthy American. His deeply grieved wife had a message through a medium which

told her to "build a home, but never let it be finished." She took these instructions literally.

At her death in 1922 the home contained 160 rooms, 13 bathrooms, 47 fireplaces, 9 kitchens, 3 lifts, 40 stairways and five separate heating systems!

J. M. Michaelson

ALEX CRACKS

As an early morning train drew up at a station on one of our railway lines, a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on to the platform and, inhaling the fresh air enthusiastically, observed to the guard: "Isn't this invigorating?"

"No," sir, it's Church Stretton." * * *

Employer (engaging new fire-watcher): "Now tell me, what would you do in case of a fire."

Employee (bravely): "Oh, don't worry about me guy. I'd be out in no time."

QUIZ for today

1. A travis is a horse's stall, cross-beam in a roof, vehicle, metal railway sleeper?
2. After what date is it said to be unlucky to pick blackberries, and why?
3. What is the difference between (a) Chervil, (b) Cheveril?
4. What are the meanings of the girls' names, (a) Edna, (b) Enid?

5. What is a flute player called?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Austria, Australia, Alabama, Africa, Arkansas, Arabia.

Answers to Quiz in No. 629

1. Ear-drum.
2. Fencing.
3. (a) Small heron, (b) Hawthorn (May bush).
4. (a) Happiness, (b) Plaything.
5. Yes; the Germans use it instead of our "B."
6. Elm cannot be grown from seed in this country; others can.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE Bishop of Guildford, I see, has appointed Canon E. M. Girling to be a canon emeritus of Guildford Cathedral.

Canon Girling, now vicar of Horton and Chisbury, in the diocese of Salisbury, was for sixteen years rector of Farnham, and was appointed an honorary canon of Guildford on the formation of the new diocese. From that time until recently he rendered valuable service to Guildford diocese as Director of Religious Education, a work in which he had been active before the separation from Winchester.

The Rev. H. L. Higgs, who has been vicar of Holy Trinity, Aldershot, since 1939, will be leaving soon after Easter to become editorial secretary of the Church Missionary Society. Before coming to Aldershot he was at Boscombe, and during 1938-39 was joint secretary of the Winchester Diocesan Council of Youth. He has been an active member of the Guildford Diocesan Youth Council.



GEORGE BROWN STUDD, last of the three famous cricketers, has died in California at the age of 85. The news was received by a relative at Crawley Down, Sussex.

His wife died in 1940, and he leaves two daughters.

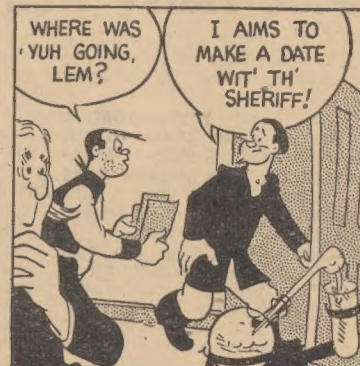
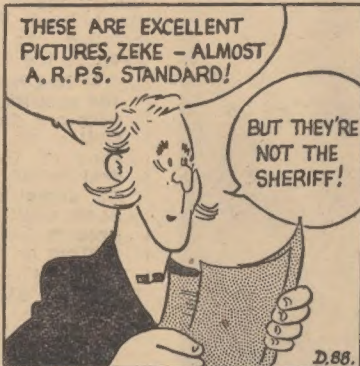
George Brown Studd is the second of the three brothers—Sir J. E. Kynaston Studd and C. T. Studd were the others—all of whom played for both Eton and Cambridge, and established a record by captaining the University in consecutive years.

Like his brother, "C. T.," "G. B." Studd became a missionary, first in India and China, but from 1891 onwards at Los Angeles, California.



"Hey," cried Satan to a new arrival, "you act as if you owned the place!" "I do," said the new arrival. "My wife gave it to me before I came here."

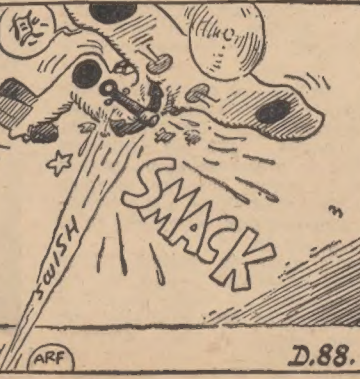
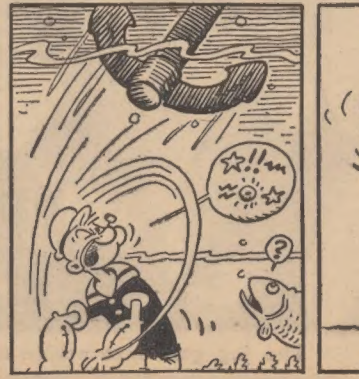
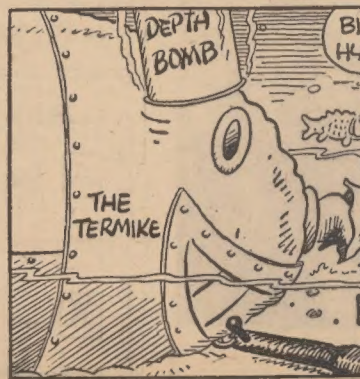
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 569

- 1. Behead a pole and get to assume.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Veern cone a pheshred a phese.**
- 3. What capital city in Africa has I for the exact middle of its name?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **That avenue of — continues for many —**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 568

- 1. M-aster.
- 2. Let dogs delight to bark and bite.
- 3. NaNSen.
- 4. Rove over.

JANE



Night descends on the lonely hunting lodge in the forest...



SH!—FORGIVE ME (HIC!) FOR WAKING YOU... I THOUGHT (HIC!) YOU MIGHT BE LONELY... SH!—DON'T DISTURB LORELEI...

RUGGLES

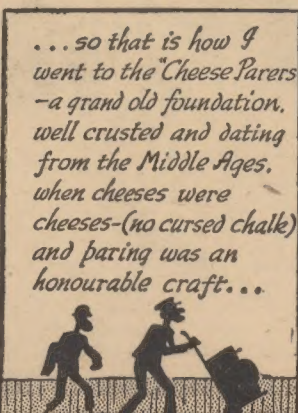


GARTH



JUST JAKE

I was feelin' dashed low, when Uncle Albert said I was so cursed ignorant I could never pass a Public School Entrance Exam. Then my father patted my crust and said kindly, 'What about a fine old City School. Albert—I've always hankered after something in the city...



A Book for Plain John Smith

FEW readers give more than a glance at the dedications of the book they read. In fact, modern dedications, unless you can guess at the story behind them, are rarely of interest. Only too often the book is dedicated to a couple of initials. A dedication to-day is generally simply an author's acknowledgment of friendship.

But when books first began to be printed in numbers, the dedication was often the author's chief hope of payment.

The book was dedicated, generally in long and extremely flowery language, to the patron, and the author hoped for reward in due course. Sometimes it was substantial. The Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare dedicated his poems Venus and Adonis and the Rape of Lucrece, gave him a thousand pounds.

Sometimes the author had to be content with thanks and no cash. An author of Queen Elizabeth's reign dedicated a book to his Queen and presented a copy to her personally. Queen Elizabeth told him with her customary directness that she had all she could do to pay her soldiers without paying authors who, unasked, dedicated books to her!

It is on record that he received 10s. for dedicating a book to the Master of the Leathersellers' Company and 35s. for dedicating another to Sir Philip Sidney.

No author to-day would dedicate a book to royalty without previous permission. Matters have changed in this respect. Sir Walter Scott dedicated his Waverley Novels to 'The King's Most Gracious Majesty'.

During the 17th and 18th cen-

turies, when the person to whom a book was dedicated was supposed to give the author some pecuniary acknowledgment of the honour, it was usual to dedicate to noblemen, preferably rich.

Some authors were shrewd business men. Chapman dedicated his famous translation of Homer to no less than sixteen people, with a dedicatory sonnet for each! In 1750 a book was published dedicated to no less than 365 men and women!

Mark Twain possibly had this in mind when he dedicated his 'The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County' as follows:—

'To John Smith. It is said that a man to whom a book is dedicated always buys a copy. If this is true in this instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon the author.'

In contrast to these dedica-

tions we have that of George Withers, the noted poet of the 17th century, who dedicated his satirical poems to 'Himselfe G.W. wistheth all happiness.'

In those days of quick political changes, more than one book was dedicated to Cromwell in its first edition and Charles II in its second!

There are many humorous dedications. Liam O'Flaherty dedicated one of his books 'To his creditors.' Jerome dedicated his early 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow' to 'his pipe.'

Sometimes dedications have been satirical, or even malicious. Disraeli tells of Sir Simon Dagge, who dedicated his book in the 17th century to the Bishop of Lichfield in honour of his great generosity and energy in rebuilding the church at Lichfield.

In fact, the church had

been left shamefully neglected and derelict for many years, but the Bishop, having had praise heaped upon him, had to attend to it for very shame!

Perhaps the most famous dedication of all, and one which has had thousands of learned lines written about it, is that to 'Mr. W. H.' to whom Shakespeare dedicated his sonnets as 'The onlie begger of these insuing sonnets.' Who was 'W. H.' to which 154 superb sonnets are dedicated?

There have been many guesses and will probably never be any proof.

Film Producer: 'I've got a terrific idea. We'll make a film of Lindbergh's life, and he can play the lead himself.'

Director: 'The idea's good, but Lindbergh's not the right man for the part.'

Pigs and Whistles

A DRINK should be more than a drink if you have it at one of the 'Pigs and Whistles,' for while you quaff your ale you can ask or add yet another theory to the many that already hold sway on the origin of this very old sign, which adorns the facade of many London and country inns.

I once wrote to the paper for the views of experts in etymology as well as inn history. It used to be 'Peg and Whistle,' revealed a writer from Fairford, the idea being that the landlord need have no suspicions that his servant was 'helping himself' if the whistle could be heard while the peg was being drawn.

Another correspondent said his mother was born in 1827, and she informed him that when the cellar boy was sent down to draw the peg from the cider barrel to fill the jug, he was under orders to whistle while he extracted the beverage, as proof that he was not having a drink on the q.t.

Wrote a London man: 'There is an old earthenware drinking vessel to be seen at the Old Priory, Exeter, of which a part is formed as a whistle. This was blown by the customer as a signal that his mug needed refilling.' An example of an old institution which could be reintroduced with advantage in these times of crowded pubs and poor service.

A fourth correspondent confided to me that the name is a corruption of 'Peg o' Wassail,' wassail being an old word meaning good health.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CRAMP	SOCKS
OUR LIP	ABOVE ORATE
S MEASLES	A TEAR WETHER
M SCENA E	FUTILE KALE
O ROOTLET V	RAINY ANODE
KIP ELM MAN	STEED POSIT

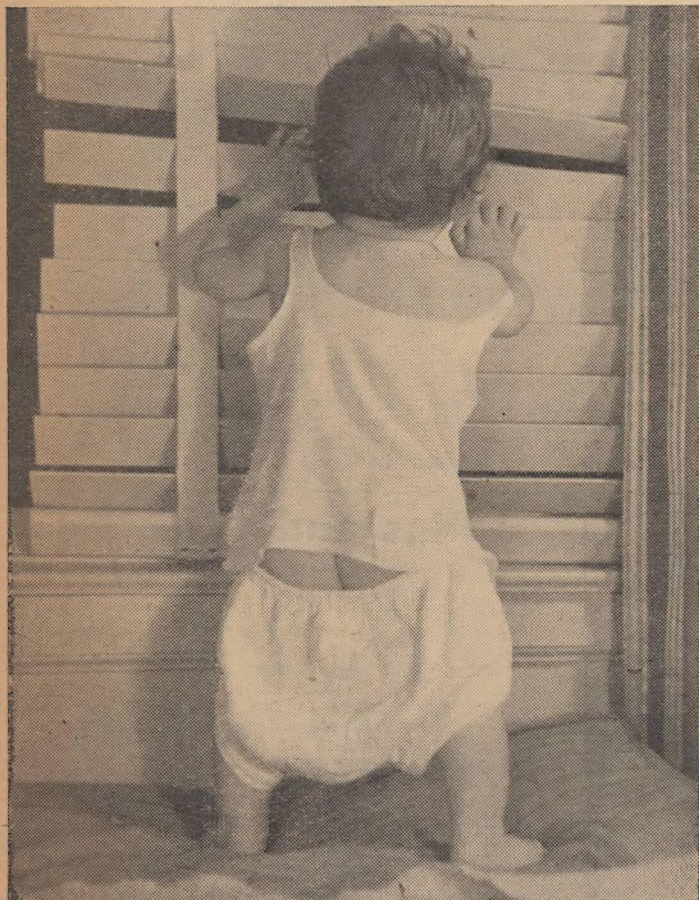
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40						41		

CLUES ACROSS.—11 Go fast. 5 Revolving. 10 Stingy. 12 Stands firm. 13 Basin. 15 Go slow. 16 Old candle. 18 Zero. 19 Old pronoun. 21 Condescends. 23 Sort of well. 25 Suffice. 26 Swelling. 27 Flat boat. 30 Decoration. 32 Past. 34 Normal. 36 Performer. 38 Say something. 39 Floor cover. 40 Penetrate. 41 Flood.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Face. 2 Sea-bird. 3 Slender. 4 Concealed. 5 Living. 6 If not. 7 Tally. 8 Onward. 9 Cries out. 11 Garden plot. 14 Painful start. 17 Climbing plant. 20 Tree. 22 Coloured fluid. 23 Cite as proof. 24 Fishing vessel. 28 Additional. 29 Big. 31 Drive out. 33 Trees. 35 Copy. 37 Into the open.

Good Morning

"Little boy peeps through the crack of the blind"—is the way A. A. Milne might have written it. "Little crack peeps through the boy from behind"—is the way we re-write it.



The village is Wareside, in Hertfordshire. The pub is "The White Horse." The brewers are Rayments, of Pelham. Those are the facts. But a pint of ale in the taproom, some night when the curtains are drawn and the wind is whistling in the high trees and the moon is a scimitar in the sky—that is the poetry.

THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A DOG

The dog is Owd Bob. And the maid is Margaret Lockwood. And this heart of ours is wishing that we could grow a shaggy coat and have such a gentle lady fondle our ears. We mean, it would be worth it—fleas and all!



AMERICAN NAVY TO THE RESCUE. This picture was snapped a moment before it happened! It seems these Service girls were adventuring on Plymouth rocks and were cut off by the tide. Their distress signals (what did they wave?) were seen by a passing pinnacle, and they were taken aboard one of Uncle Sam's floating soda-fountains. A good time was had by all—we hope.



To us, Czechoslovakia is a word we try to spell when suffering from insomnia. To our cameraman, apparently, it means much more. This lovely Slovak girl—for instance.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"She doesn't cure insomnia—she causes it!"

